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CANADA AND THE STATES.



THOMAS M. RICKMAN.



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NOTES
OF A
SHORT VISIT
TO
Canada and the States,
IN
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1885.

BY
THOS. M. RICKMAN,

PRESIDENT OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION, 1854;
A.R.I.B.A., 1854;
CERTIFIED BY EXAMINATION FOR OFFICE OF D.S., 1860;
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SECRETARY OF THE ARCHITECTURAL ALLIANCE;
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FELLOW OF THE SURVEYORS' INSTITUTION;
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HON. MEMBER OF THE SOCIÉTÉ RÉGIONALE DES ARCHITECTES DU NORD DE LA FRANCE.



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Charles L. Key

PREFACE.

THE following notes are sent to my friends : for their amusement and for anything more they may find in them. They are hardly fit for any one of the Societies for which I have from time to time written papers.

In writing papers I have had much pleasure, but in writing these notes on my way back I wished rather to fix to some slight extent the remembrance of scenes from which I have derived great benefit, and to point out to my friends what large stores may be opened up during so short a journey. I have not expressed the effect which the different modes of thought in use on "the other side" had upon my mind, but I would that my friends could learn how great the change is in the look of the country

there and in the modes of thought which are there cultivated. These modes of thought have enabled the inhabitants to repeat for themselves such of our constructions and modes of life as they have found suited to the circumstances of a new country and to throw overboard much of what we are accustomed to, but which they think of only as likely to hamper them.

Stories of travel may convey to their readers much as to the customs and habits of life of such a new country, but personal acquaintance with some of the large towns, the sight of the rivers and the indelible impressions of the look of the cleared fields, convey to the mind much more than mere descriptions.

To see this new country is like the use of two eyes again after being accustomed to the use of one only, and the result reminds one of reading some modern advertisements when you have at last found out which are the letters and which are the spaces between them.

For the ability at last to take such a journey with pleasure and advantage, I ought more

than most men to be greatly thankful. To those who aided me on my journey I am still indebted ; to Mr. Critchett and his father, and to Sir Henry Thompson, I owe the successful treatments which made the journey possible.

8, MONTAGUE STREET,
RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.
Christmas, 1885.







Notes of a Short Visit
TO
CANADA AND THE STATES.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6th, 1885, at LIVERPOOL.—A young friend met me at the central station. We walked to the proposed site for the Liverpool Cathedral; there seems opportunity for vaults, a lofty story of shops, and above that, and supported thereby, two storeys of church; the levels suit, and a service of lifts would work the congregation and form an excellent *raison d'être* for a tower. Such a church would be well seen from the steps of the North-Western Hotel.

To Walker Art Gallery, looked at picture of "Boulders at Rest," the centre of attraction which Liverpool has for me, and at models of castles, &c., which are unworthy of their

position. Got aboard "Sarmatian." It has taken two months to find out where Sarmatia is. There is no such place, but European Sarmatia was in the south of Russia.

Located in state-room with a young man going to the Rocky Mountains for a year or two, a gentlemanly Roman Catholic. He lay in bed the first few days, and afterwards fell to flirting. My next neighbour at meals was a London clergyman, a man of great information, crossing the sea for fresh air.

Friday, August 7th.—Stopped at MOVILLE, saw contorted schistose rocks, car to Greencastle, a poor old building with very little character, but interesting slaty stone and rock, and quaint segment arches with rough keystones. Old woman asked for date said their date was 1400, they had been built eight hundred years before they were destroyed, which was six hundred years ago. Looked at a house in building, rough stone, poor bricks, three or four pieces of sandstone and one of granite were used in its construction, besides local materials. Stood some time on pier with fellow-passengers, Canadians. Weather very dull, and only as we started did we see the view of Lough Foyle. The sail past the north

coast of Ireland was very fine, but we lost sight of land before dark.

Sunday, August 9th.—Service by a young clergyman going out to the north-west and by Dr. Cox. Half a gale of wind, and the clergymen could hardly keep their legs.

Monday, 10th.—Very fine, steamer stopped ten minutes, a curious relief to body and soul.

Thursday, 13th.—Fog, going half speed for a long time, concert in evening. Icebergs visible.

Friday, 14th.—Straits of Belle Isle, got a little sketch out of port-hole window and one in the rain, these all the sketches I made in America.

Saturday, 15th.—On Gulf of Saint Lawrence, much wrack in the water.

Sunday, 16th.—Sailing up the River Saint Lawrence. Stopped in Ramouski to deliver mails. Services much better attended than on previous Sunday. Wonderful sunset. The size of the Saint Lawrence and its great fault from the Gulf to Lake Champlain, and its length through Niagara to Lake Erie gradually dawning upon one.

Monday, 17th August.—By eight o'clock

we were at Port Levi, but it was twelve before we got across to QUEBEC. Those going to Montreal insisted on a special train, which was shunted to let the ordinary train pass it, and they were very late and lost connection.

The amusements on board were shovel-board and quoits, introduced by the surgeon. Betting on anything, from the day's course to the number of matches in a box. Card playing, some whist, which I did not get into, some music—one of our passengers recited admirably, some stretched, a curious exercise for the muscles, there was little reading done: after the third or fourth day I began to read, and was glad that I had taken some books with me.

QUEBEC.—At the station at Port Levi, rails, road, path, luggage, traffic, and platform, all mixed up together. Lots of emigrants and their luggage. An old Irish Canadian, who had gone through operation for cataract, he enjoyed my glasses, and to show how he could see, pulled a hair out of my head as a mark of affection.

Across to town in ferry-boat, which dented the pier and landed us on a mixed medley of timber, tip bank, and engines. With Dr. McLaughlin and his son, and Mr. Short, I spent

the afternoon; they were part of Canadian team at Wimbledon, of whom we had several on board.

We walked up crooked hilly Street to Dufferin Terrace and past the Wolfe and Montcalm Monument in the town; and then drove round the town, citadel, Plains of Abraham, and to Wolfe Monument thereon, new church, new public buildings, saw through Houses of Parliament unfinished, got specimens of stone, had meals at Henschay's Hotel, blue-berries and coffee, went on to Dufferin Terrace in moonlight or dark and got sleeper for Montreal. Serious lecture from the Doctor on smoking.

The situation of Quebec is very fine for a fortified position. The rock presents huge sloping and reft surfaces, such as I saw in many places afterwards, and were unintelligible till Mr. Lesley explained them at Milton. The town has been enlarged of late years on the grid-iron plan, but the whole surface is somewhat hilly and the new streets have been built in an inferior manner. The new and old work are still fighting. View over country pretty; names and advertisements have a French character.

Tuesday 18th.—At MONTREAL. Crowded station, long omnibus ride to Windsor House

Hotel, got beautiful bed-room with bath-room attached, hot bath and breakfast with cantilope, found Dr. Cox there. Walked through town to Victoria Square, Champ-de-Mars (Museum gone to Ottawa), quay-side of Lachine Canal, back through town to seek, unsuccessfully, an old assistant. Examined McGill University buildings, and Redpath Museum. Case of Eozoon and many ancient fossils. Admirable natural history collection. Back to hotel and with Dr. Cox, drive to Mont Royal for view; the cemeteries all in good taste and many monuments with interesting designs.

Montreal has beautiful situation, stretching up to heights above, the River Saint Lawrence a splendid width, and other streams from Ottawa River, around its situation. The canal work very great, and the bridge a spectacle. The plan of town hardly shows the older arrangement, as it is mostly new. It is on a large scale, and the distances considerable. McGill University, Néo-Greek and Gothic. An English Gothic church with Caen-stone dressings, other churches unpleasing. Classic buildings in variety. A classic cathedral (after St. Paul's), still a mere shell. The hotel Bars are curious places, tried cocktail. Driver points out Villas of the Allans, and of principal tradesmen.

Wednesday, August 19th.—Rail by Coteau to Ottawa in daylight, the country very interesting. All visible sections are of drift with eggars, the boulders limestone, silurians and gneiss. Some wood cut for hop-poles; split rail, zig-zag fences and some boulder fences. Buckwheat and peas grown, and barbed iron fences. It is said that Mexico and the States are separated throughout by barbed iron fences. We pass Alexandra where is a church with a spire, this is almost the only town visible from the railway. We cross large rivers soon after leaving Montreal, and also before reaching Ottawa.

To Russell House Hotel, OTTAWA, met Professor Tanner at lunch. He had supplied smoking-room on steamer with tobacco, and stood up in discussion for purity of English women.

To the Parliament buildings; a clerk showed me through them. Senate Hall and Chamber of Commons. Library, a building very striking, outside as of three circles of piers or walls, but inside only a circular room, groined, with passage round it and much blocked with book cases. The whole block of buildings of high order of Gothic design, other two blocks of buildings inferior in design. The Patent offices in one which has a lofty tower of irregular plan.

The general offices in another. The accommodation is insufficient so further block is now erecting. Mr. Fuller is said to have been the architect of the central block, and Messrs. Stent and Laver of the two wings. These buildings are erected in a situation almost as fine as that of Durham Cathedral, but larger; it overlooks the river which separates Lower from Upper Canada. Found large maps of Dominion in the offices. Walking round found the stone already perishing, it had been selected apparently for economy of labour; the larger halls have marble internal dressings; the staircases have stone balustrades painted. A lover's walk is carried around site. Met the same gentleman again and he offered to take me round to Chaudière. I fell in street over a piece of telegraph wire coiled up. We saw the Waterworks; three sets of three pumps each, worked, as I suppose, by turbines, beautifully contrived, then to the Lumber mills, saw the mode of sawing and ripping and sorting. The power very great, but most of the timber indifferent; the scent delightful. The work done seemed very coarse, and the scantlings dealt with nothing to compare with English saw mills. The beds of rocks in river very interesting; walked to ferry and came back to

hotel. Wandered in evening with Professor Tanner. His duties are connected with agriculture at South Kensington. He is engaged arranging for agricultural emigrants of a superior class. The view of the river somewhat marred by acres of saw-dust on its surface.

Thursday, August 20th.—Walked over bridges, new and old, and along the locks of the Rideau Canal, workmen repairing them with limestone. Then to the Geological Museum, found it in a temporary building but admirably arranged. A case of about sixty polished gneisses, &c., a large collection of fossils, many of them Cambro-Silurian, also a case of Eozoon with slices for the microscope. A key map on the wall, beautiful slates, and many limestones well shown. A collection of Indian North-American Antiquities.

Called on Mr. Hoffman, the Mineralogical Curator, and asked him about the map I had seen. Saw the original and he gave me copy of a new one only published last year, coloured geologically, and a small treatise on the geology of Canada. When I asked permission to see slices, he introduced me to Professor Whiteaves. He explained the position of the Laurentian and Huronian strata and the position of the fossil.

He considered Professor Jukes to be the one on the other side of this notable dispute who carried most weight as he had no "axe to grind." He introduced me to Mr. Weston who showed me his sections in a microscope and gave me a specimen carefully etched. When I exclaimed that surely that was a corolline section the Professor said, "that is just what they say, but did you ever see coral like that?" They gave me several treatises, and Mr. Weston would have allowed me to spend the evening with him if I had stayed longer at Ottawa.

OTTAWA—A new town with great natural advantages, water power, the canal, and the lumber trade. Though planted for departmental purposes, it is rapidly growing, has banking centres and business vigour.

Thursday (continued).—Train to Smith's Falls. —Met in the train another fellow-passenger of the steamer: A young friend whom I had known in London met me, I dined at his boarding house, called on his chief in Molson's Bank, boated up Rideau River with him, caught one perch, sat talking with him until 12.30 P.M. and walked along railway to station, got into "sleeper" for Toronto.

Friday, August 21st.—Found two more of the “Sarmatian” passengers in the sleeper. To Rossin House, TORONTO. Walked through several streets looking at churches and buildings. Mr. Cameron, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had happily made on the voyage, called on me and took me to Osgoode Hall, and to the University buildings which were closed. I unfortunately missed Professor Wilson, who had gone to England. My friend and his wife drove me round the principal Villa streets and Park, by the Botanical Gardens and over bridges, over streams which cut through the drift. The paving stones are of coloured boulders, of syenite, gneiss, limestone, porphyries, and granites. The houses are of great variety, and the gardens very pretty. I dined with my friends, and afterwards came in Mr. James Smith, an architect and artist, who had been a pupil of William Thomas, once clerk to my father at Birmingham. If Mr. Smith were pupil of my father’s pupil he must be my father’s grand pupil, and as I was pupil of my father’s partner what is the professional relationship between Mr. Smith and myself?

I learned afterwards that Thomas, having been engaged in building at Leamington in company with others whose names I knew,

had gone to Canada, when he settled at Toronto, and erected many buildings, churches, houses, &c., and brought up sons and pupils; built himself a house in my father's manner, and I saw the corner corbel of the house which was my father's portrait bust, though filtered through a lithographic portrait. I learned also that Mr. W. Storm, a pupil of Thomas, had designed the Cathedral at Toronto, and, with Sir Edmund Head, the University buildings there.

Saturday, August 22nd.—Took steamer "Chicora" across the lake Ontario to Lewiston for Niagara, then train to the town of NIAGARA on the American side. The first impression on seeing both falls two miles off was "Is that all?" As the country is, on the whole, so flat, and there are no mountains visible, the two hundred and fifty feet or so of the fall from Lake Erie to Ontario, produces no general effect of fine scenery.

I got greatly irritated with the drivers and decided not take a carriage, so fatigued myself much, walked on Goat Island and then to the Prospect Park whence the edge of the American Fall is very striking, just the upper sixty feet or so of it. Then went down the inclined railway and by a small steamer, "Maid of the Mist," in waterproofs, under the falls, or rather through

the still water beneath them, and through the spray, then walked over the Suspension Bridge. This does not convey the idea of height as does that at Clifton, as the ravine is not so clean-cut at Niagara. The wind-ties of the bridge are very natural and beautiful, and as a piece of construction "in situ," the whole is greatly to be admired. Then walking along the Canadian side, the American Fall comes into view and its size becomes apparent, then the interest of the broken stones lying between the falls and of the separate spouts of water, after that the whole bulk of the Horse-shoe Fall comes out, as you walk along, but the spray happened to be driven against the houses so that the eaves were all running. I walked on beyond the Fall half a mile, where the water gets broken from the upper courses of stone in the river-bed giving way and I climbed up a tower there, whence a view is obtained down into the centre of the horse-shoe, a view giving a notion of great power. Coming back the wind had changed and one could see the great Canadian end of the Horse-shoe Fall, some hundreds of feet wide, and for seventy or one hundred feet in height running green-blue. This was a great pleasure. I complained to the landlord at the Prospect House that there was less water than

I expected, he replied that the wind had been blowing up stream for a long time and so there was less water than usual. Whenever, since, I have spoken to Americans of the falls being up for repair (like all other ways in the States) I have raised among them the serious question whether this reply of mine had been in earnest or not.

I suppose I ought to have seen more of the rapids below, and to have spent more money and got wetter than I did, but I reduced myself to a very parboiled state, and I noticed that those who were driven round the falls were not allowed to stop where the interest seemed to me the greatest. I gather that there is much change going on in the Horse-shoe Fall, the centre having retired many feet in the last few winters, and the whole Fall is becoming more parallel with the Canadian bank.

I got to the station on Canadian side with the aid of a trap, and had a long smoke on the pier before the steamer came. On the steamer was another fellow-passenger of the "Sarmatian," a lady who has been establishing herself in Toronto as a teacher of nursing, and had spent the day with Miss Rye. I returned to TORONTO late in the evening.

Sunday, August 23rd.—After visiting the house

with my father's bust, I found a church of which I was in quest at a corner of the same block. Had music of a sort reflecting the individual mind of the choir-master, and so I suppose the political freedom of the country. I walked and talked with two old men who had been engaged in farming all their lives, and they gave me a great insight into the Canadian older character, home grown, and imported. It took me nearly an hour to get back to the hotel, and I went in evening to tea with a friend on whom I had called on Friday. I then came to the conclusion from the drawing-room that he was an artistic and literary bachelor. He turned out to be a warm-hearted gentleman, with a lively little wife sharing all his cares, keeping open house, somewhat put upon by those she entertains, with a number of young sons whom she is already encouraging to make friends with the neighbours' daughters. I called on Mr. Cameron, the gentleman with whom I had spent the Friday afternoon, for my umbrella which I had carelessly left at his house, and of which I greatly needed the use at Niagara, and I thought, being an editor, he should know the reasons which keep some professional men from politics in England, and so took the opportunity of delivering a little essay on the

subject, aproposito discussions we had previously had together. I fear that a journey to the States is very likely to make a man deliver himself of short lectures, specially when he gets an appreciative audience. Mr. Cameron's paper, *The Globe*, is one of much influence. It is strongly political (and in opposition when possible), and has the highest position as an agricultural paper in Canada.

TORONTO.—The situation is on the northern slope of the Lake Ontario, all the roads are laid out at right angles, the principal N. and S. Street, runs north for forty miles straight, as a road. There is an island opposite the town from beyond which in the lake the water is obtained, but the question of increasing sewage and deteriorating water supply is arousing attention. It is a town of churches, Church Street having a series. The splayed stops to some Gothic mouldings might have been turned out of my father's office, but had been turned inside out. Altogether there seems a natural healthiness of increase in the town which makes one to expect much of it.

Monday, August 24th.—The morning was very wet. I got letter from my sister and walked up

and down till noon, when I took the 1.5 train to DETROIT; very little was to be seen on the journey, as the country is flat, seldom a section to be seen, and the agriculture is in all stages from wood to arable land. Met in the train the agent for an oil company whose conversation was the most like what I expected from fellow-passengers of any that I met, but I found nothing objectionable in his questionings. To Michigan Exchange Hotel, strolled through town, its plan compounded of radiating avenues and of a gridiron of streets. There are electric lights, on skeleton wrought-iron standards, one hundred feet high or more, some four-light, some six-light, over the corners of the streets at long intervals. The town is laid out on a large plan and gives an idea of space not found before. The avenues are wider, there is more room for the trains which I found taking a very important part in the economy of all the towns.

Tuesday, August 25th.—Drove round the town through principal streets of villas, and past a variety of institutions. A fine set of stable, coach-houses, and kitchen-offices I found to be spoken of as a “barn,” and a garden with marble fountain and an expensive summer-

house called a "yard." I watched the building of a church in Woodward Avenue. A shell of brick and masonry, and all the inside of lumber, the lumber dealer advertizing himself on a board affixed. The train had been run on to a ferry-boat in the dark the night before, so I saw hardly anything of the water, and the driver occupied all the time to spare in the streets. Got off by 9.5 A.M. train for CHICAGO, and arrived there late in the evening, again very little to be seen on the journey, the latter part past blown sands and dunes, occasionally crossing rivers, but all the journey through flat country. Missed a young friend at station, whom I expected to meet, walked through some streets but did not make out his address. At Palmer House Hotel which I found much thronged.

Wednesday, August 26th.—Began the day by a search for my missed friend; found that a literary adventure of his had given way, as the occupier of his office, to a Pure Literature Society, and watched the aged apostle of that Institution explaining to young men and maidens (specially the latter) the system of subscription, the mode of influencing their friends, and the advantages to Society from the

enlarged sale of the cheap moral literature which was now issuing from the press. The sight of the poor acute children straining their clothes to produce an aspect of respectability was very interesting. The lucidity of his explanation was worthy of a greater remuneration than that poor old man had evidently received in this life, or was likely to receive. It was a basement office where he was allowed to sleep, having no other home, and I suppose his final speculation in life.

My young friend came in and we discussed his prospects. How with him the idea of farming had given way to viniculture, that to literature. The commencement of a newspaper adventure had been hampered with a partnership of a one-sided nature, and a want of enterprize on the part of advertizers, who require a large circulation before insertions. Strong religious views had given way to socialism; rapidly altering matrimonial arrangements among his friends were changing the possibilities of his position. The press of speculation was driving all onward. High prices making things possible which otherwise would not be thought of. The pressure of dire necessity looked forward to as an actual factor in social existence and expected as a part of

education. All this in a town mile upon mile in length and breadth, a block larger all round every year, with parks, trams, with trains of cars drawn with underground ropes, vast blocks of houses, offices and warehouses, and all the roads up for repair, with planks and stone, block paving, rails and sand, asphalte, points, telegraph posts, electric lights, all jostling each other, but the traffic going on in the most good-humoured manner. An hour spent in such society, and in such a scene, is truly an eye-opener to an Englishman.

I called upon Mr. Cyrus P. Thomas, architect; found him at home with cold, abusing the climate of Chicago, well desposed for a chat over the architects who had been raised with his father, and his own history. We went together through a new district, looked at houses in course of construction, at the Water-works, the new Lake Shore drive and Boulevard. The Lincoln Park, one of ten, and Zoological Gardens, and lunched at the club-house of that quarter of the town, discussed newspapers, the position of architects and surveyors, planting, butterflies, cigars, second marriages, the expensive tastes of the townsmen, and concluded that the object of them all being to make their buildings look and keep looking like new, it

was necessary to paint both brick and stone work.

Then, having had much information and a desire to see Albany implanted in my mind, I left Mr. Thomas and in the evening went to the Grand Opera House of Chicago, saw as miserable a piece as I ever set eyes on, called the "Rag Baby."

Thursday, August 27th.—Walked round and round the principal streets, saw the Exhibition building, the Lake wall, the railway, restaurants, hotels, the Board of Trade, witnessed the Exchange there, a Babel of mark, lifts, offices, granite, terra cotta, groining, marbles, venetian carving, corn elevators, swing bridges, churches and chapels, and just a glimpse at the twelve miles of sea face of the town, and got into the train for twenty-three hours' ride to Albany.

CHICAGO.—The map and guide books must be referred to for any idea of the interpenetrating system of rivers (canalized), piers, railways, boulevards, avenues, streets, diagonals, parks, and other modes of communication which make up its present state and its expectation of enlargement. The lake and river system of which it is the centre: the vast level plateau on which it stands are continental.

I intended to have passed from Chicago to Washington across the Alleghanies, but was over-persuaded to take an express for Albany. I must be content therefore to look back on what I saw of North America as a plain, my gropings not leading me to see any mountains to compare with what I knew before, but the extent of drift, the glacial debris and markings, and the blown sand upon the sea and lake shores, conveyed to my mind the most persistent idea of greatness.

Friday, August 28th.—The journey all through the night told of nothing but numberless stops for crossing lines and sand dunes as before. I changed cars in the forenoon, sleeper for drawing-room, special seat settled on the ticket. I took the Railway called "Lake shore," but glances at Lake Erie were only to be obtained by the initiated, and I found the travellers about as uncommunicative as in England. The country one-hundred miles from ALBANY became finer and we seemed to travel rapidly down an important river valley. At Albany to the Delavan House Hotel.

Walked up a steep hill and came upon the new town offices and then to the front of the Capitol buildings, one face of which still is in

the builder's hands. The buildings are said to have cost seventeen million dollars. Some say it is never intended to finish them. Mr. Fuller, the architect, obtained them in competition and carried up the buildings in a rather strict classical model to the main cornice. Messrs. Eidlitz and Richardson then were appointed upon a commission for their completion. In place of working together, Mr. Eidlitz, I suppose, took in hand the completion of the exterior; he cut off the key-stones and carried up dormers and pavilions with French renaissance outline, putting roofs of slate to the main building and of tiles to the pavilions, and Mr. Richardson worked up the interior in a decidedly Gothic manner. Some constructive classic work had already been executed to the staircases, where now some openings have a screen of classic arcading on one side of the wall and of cusped Gothic tracery on the other. Mr. Richardson having more power to his elbow, has now the upper hand, and after the construction of two grand staircases, each with a set of lifts, the older lifts being superseded by a new set with quicker action (the result being that no one uses the staircases), he is now designing a projection containing a really grand staircase. There are some evidences of Cyclopean taste

in the interior, coupled with Venetian carving, and much of the woodwork has most elaborate ornamentation about it, but with some of the doors of what I took to be inferior design. The exterior is beautifully worked in granite, the interior is much of it in red Scotch Sandstone imported as ballast, and has much marble and other polished stone with wainscot and mahogany joinery, but though the joinery stands well, it does not seem specially selected, as we should do, for grain.

Hearing that Mr. Fuller was still at Albany I called on a Mr. Fuller but found I was in error and that the designer of the Capitol had left the town. Electric lights were very puzzling and threw clean cut shadows of acacia and maple leaves on the foot-path as well as of all the telegraph wires in a manner very awkward for one who has to work under glasses. I suppose I got stupid, for in the Hotel I knocked my glasses from my eyes, bruised my forehead, and broke the spectacle frame, so I had not the use of my proper eyes again till the Monday afternoon.

Albany occupies a fine situation on the Hudson River, across which there are bridges with large swing openings. The site is much more hilly than those I had seen, except Quebec,

but my visit was short as I wanted the daylight journey down the Hudson.

Saturday, August 29th.—Took steamer down THE HUDSON to New York about ten hours' sail. The vessel a huge mass of three storeys and very full of people, the dining very expensive and indifferent; we stopped seldom, there were no bridges below the swing bridges at Albany. The length is nearly one hundred and fifty miles. For the first third the view of the Catskill Mountains is very fine and about fifty miles from New York, the river breaks through the gorge of the mountains, and the sides are elevated, later on West-Point and Sing-Sing are splendid situations for great institutions, but the geological story is of long long ago; The remains of the great lake, as above Bingen on the Rhine, are not clear in this case or have been expunged. The later part of this journey is alongside the Palisades the sight of which was as the revival of action again, and the idea came of a huge stream working its way to the right, over the comparatively low New York side, and up against this basalt fence, as of a process still going on. But there is no fall in the Hudson, the tide comes up I believe above Albany. This and its consider-

able width rather take away the notion of a river. The villas, towns, and institutions are in wonderful variety, and here and there the serpentine track as of a great river is beautiful, but most of the buildings, ice houses, and piers included, give little idea of permanence, in consequence of their timber construction. For the last twenty miles all sorts of things get packed together in the sight, and the ferries, steamers, shipping, boats, and steam-launches tell that we are approaching a very big place which requires and has great elbow room, viz. :
NEW YORK.

Took car from pier "Twenty-second Street" through Twenty-third Street and walked through Madison Square to Gilsey House Hotel in the central part of Broadway. Got a small close bed-room and read guide book for New York while waiting for luggage, all of which I had checked, had short stroll in the streets and not getting to sleep got up about 1.30 A.M., and read a spell at the Book of Job, my refuge when specially dull. I found the Bible belonging to the apartment on a shelf in the luggage closet.

Sunday, August 30th.—Walked to church in Sixteenth Street, and thence went by over-head railway to the Battery, along east shore to pier

next the Brooklyn Bridge, and underneath same, through low streets to the Post Office, and thence along Broadway to hotel, a length of about four miles of continuous, lofty, interesting buildings. In afternoon, walked to Fifth Avenue and through it to the Central Park, nearly two miles of mansions, hotels, and churches, many most expensive and very striking. Saw the Zoological Gardens, and the people in their thousands, listened to the Sunday music, got foot-sore, and back by elevated railway and wrote letters for the rest of the evening. Came to the conclusion that it was hopeless to give any account of New York, and that the cost of travelling in the States was very great, also much puzzled whether to wear thick or thin clothes.

Monday, August 31st.—After another bad night (I believe the passage of all the pipes in the hotel was centred in the little area from which my bed-room got its air, and that they were all laid on), had a piece of luck in getting an intelligent working optician to mend my glasses, set out for another traverse of the town, walked down Broadway and by the elevated railway again, to somewhere from whence I got to the great bridge, took train

over it, and walked back over it. The conspicuous instances of contrivance in its construction are specially interesting, the low charge, train three cents, toll one cent, the platform for foot-passengers over railway against the piers; the sets-off of the piers, the binding of the wire cables, the means taken for keeping the passengers from getting giddy, the great rise towards the centre both of the railway and for foot-passengers, the cold water to drink by the way, the rapid succession of trains, the abundant entrances and exits, are all instances of common sense. There is something jarring in the shape of the great piers. The pointed arches through them are no doubt right, but the treatment of recesses and keystones and the cornices above are novel and incongruous. The advertisements visible from it are worse than usual, a chair set up against the south-east corner the size of a small house on plan, a furniture advertisement, and other sign-boards put all scale in the examination of the bridge out of the question.

Made an effort to find a well-known English architect without success, wondered at the letter-boxes and the private boxes at the Post Office, and was reduced to taking ice-cream-soda, an ingenuity of refreshment, and the antipodes of

digestion ; it is sold by chemists, fruiterers, and tobacconists, and forms the central incident in the Rag Baby, its principal constituent is shaved ice, and its object often the evasion of the Scott Act in Canada, and of the Maine Liquor Law elsewhere.

Then I walked back to hotel and gave up New York as a bad job. Recuperated with some lunch and set out by elevated railway to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, found subjects of interest in the stairs up to station, the ticket system, the seats in carriages, the curves on the line, the changing aspect of the land, now gardens, now great masses of rock like highland moor, now piles of apartment-houses, now terraces and their shops. Landed at last in the fields, walked under line and studied its stanchions, base plates, cross girders of varying lengths, long girders, bearers, sills, sleepers, rails and guides, all the right size, with the light coming through them to a great extent, the stanchions sometimes one storey high, sometimes two storeys, and I believe in the latter part of journey of three stages with almost no cross bracing.

Walked out to a boat landing, belonging to a rowing club, saw the high level bridge from afar, watched the unloading of a barge of dirt

to form a "ball ground." Found a new railway bridge (partly swing) constructing, walked over the road bridge and found myself in face with a retaining wall built of selected specimens of gneissic rock full of intricate contortions, walked along road with beautiful exposure of rock, and worked my way up steps to the top of the aqueduct, walked along it across the river to the tower, and for a mile or more along an elevated path, the route of the water channel nearly to the station. This path was partly over and partly excavated through the continuous glaciated face of the gneiss, and was worth all the journey to New York to see.

Tuesday, September 1st.—Finding my time waning, and that no boat started from Baltimore for England till early in October, and being anxious to see Washington at all events before returning, I resolved to go there at once, and take chance of seeing Baltimore and Philadelphia on my way back to New York. I found, subsequently, that I could get by steamer to Boston from Washington, so I took that route as easier than the heat and drive of railway journeys. Had a carriage and pair to take me to the ferry boat to Jersey city and thence parlour express car to Washington.

The road passed through Pennsylvania, where there were tip banks and exposures of clay, marl, sandstone rock, and a gradually varying agriculture with occasional tobacco. Passed around and into Philadelphia, saw its bridges, Park, and some of the animals in its Zoological Gardens. It appears a very large town and very orderly; I should judge more complete in its arrangements than most of the towns I had seen, that is, the metropolis of a more completely settled district. Crossed some long embankments and bridges, and saw new ones in process of construction. Encountered one of the failed students of the Surveyor's Institution, who, finding me to be an examiner of that terrific body, took to questioning me as to the mode of testing soils in Florida for orange planting.

Arriving at WASHINGTON, the view of the town on a height, with the Capitol and Obelisk standing out in bold outline, is very striking, more so than in any other direction, as the former looks its best, and the latter its least obtrusive. The journey in omnibus to the Arlington Hotel seemed interminable, but I got a pleasant bed and sitting room together, and felt as if I had got into respectable quarters, but the place was hot, and the four windows

into my room seemed to give no air. Walked to the Post Office, and so by several of the large public buildings and back in car, but could not tell when to stop. Had an excellent dinner in small room (the large one up for repair) and took walk after sunset, guided partly by the obelisk, a marble erection between five hundred and six hundred feet high, the surface of which standing out light and reflective in front of grey colour, produced a very dreamy effect, then round the grounds of the White House and past several public buildings adjoining.

Wednesday, September 2nd.—Tramped through the town to the extent that human nature could stand. Examined Corcoran Art Gallery. Fine portrait of old Corcoran himself and his patent leather boots, beautiful collection of casts of antique statuary, among them "Pudicitia," original said to be in the Vatican (this is a mistake, the original lives in Derbyshire). A most agreeable visit. Then around the War and Navy Offices, with the building materials lying around, including worked granite masonry. Then across open ground to the Washington Obelisk. The barest looking thing on earth. An obelisk is a form suited to a monolith, which this is not, though it imitates it, and it is a container of

space for information, while this gives none, but is to contain a lift. The height of it is a subject of interest; an aged couple walked across a field to ask me what the height was: I could not tell them without changing my spectacles, which I did not think it worth while to do. I see now that Keim's hand-book contains six pages of description, but I cannot find out from it the height above the ground. Appleton's Guide speaks of it as incomplete in height, whereas the "Pyramidion" has the appearance of completion. There is evidently an opportunity for another Commission to ascertain the circumstance. Perhaps they have not yet settled the ground line and this also is up for repair.

Then I made for the Printing offices and the Agricultural department, I have some memory of a sort of Kew Gardens and a museum of woods, twigs, and botanical specimens. Then I found myself at the Smithsonian Institution, surely this is one of the objects of my life to see. I purchased a catalogue, tried to make out the origin of the Institution, found that the National Museum, the next building, was grafted on to it, and so walked along every avenue of each—dug out canoe—Washington's clothes, the breeches with wonderfully large buttons—

building stones, model of octopus, shattered armour plates, Swiss lake dwellings, Chinese and Japanese curios—effect of a cyclone—Irish elk—Franklin's printing press, meteorites and Lorillard-Charnay collection of Central American antiquities ; all these exhibited by order of Congress. I should gather that the officials are having a great struggle to get this collection into the order of intelligibility—I think it hardly possible to have a concentric idea left after doing this exhibition.

Then I made for the Capitol, and an intelligent clerk was told off to show me round, we saw the Rotunda, its big pictures dwarfing everything, the series of rooms, staircases, rooms of Assembly, porticoes, all old and new, the doors which cost 28,000 dollars, and weighed 20,000 lbs. (nearly six shillings a pound), and those which cost 56,494 dollars, and weighed 14,000 lbs. (or upwards of sixteen shillings a pound). It was not stated how much these doors would now fetch, if sold, but I presume the above information must have been given for one of three objects, either to overpower the mind with figures which should appear illimitable :—or to show how much cheaper one set was than the other :—or (and this applies to the many cases where the cost of things was told one), to

show that the States were at least in possession of some things which could be hypothecated if necessary. So far as I could observe the guide books were correct in their descriptions. The extent of steps (the length of them specially) up to the Capitol is remarkable, but the whole basement at the south end is undergoing rebuilding. Apparently this is to be *all* steps, so I suppose those already built have been found to be insufficient.

Having been cross-questioned as to the character of the buildings at Washington, I have found out that my impression was that the architects in many cases had been working for a client too great to hold them completely responsible for results, and so their architectural ideas had got the better of them. The Capitol as it was must have been a reasonable building, not professing to be more than a reproduction of classic forms, as the eyes of those days saw them, in the materials at hand, with rooms of the sizes and with the arrangements necessary for the then requirements. The addition of the great wings containing duplicate assembly rooms of larger size with further appendages gave opportunity for the introduction of greater splendour, the eyes of that time being opened to the magnificence obtainable by the use of granite

and marble as materials with some attempts at internal colour, and also by the use of large stones. New York, Chicago, and Ottawa have taught them now the use of the varied coloured marbles and of the beautiful igneous and primeval rocks of their country, and as they will not spare expense in its adornment since they have not spared space in laying out their city, this wondrous pile will soon see another chapter in its construction and decoration.

The Treasury, the Post Office, and the Patent Office are pseudomorphs after supposed Greek and Roman temples. The Bureau of Engraving, the Smithsonian Institution and Museum, the Corcoran Gallery are like crustacea which have renewed their shells, but these seem still soft and not yet fully adapted to their internal growing purposes. The Army and Navy Offices seem an honest endeavour to make the outside and inside of a great structure, for numerous departments grouped together, fit one another and tell their own story, even if that be the oft-repeated one of numerous floors all of the same importance.

My mind could take in no more buildings so I took train for Georgetown, walked along side of canal and sidings for loading steamers with coal, and along a great bridge, it was the upper

story of an aqueduct conducting the canal across the Potomac River, and came back to the hotel.

Thursday, September 3rd.—Took a drive to the steam-boat wharf and through the town to the Seamen's Home, through the grounds of that institution, looked into the infirmary and the dining hall, drove along avenues interminable, at a slow pace in the hot sun, for some hours and learned very little more. Is it not all written in the guide books? and are they not all correct? The roads are all there laid out on a scientific plan, a gridiron and interpenetrating system of diagonal avenues with public buildings at the intersections. The system of nomenclature: is it not the most perfectly simple? The avenues named from the States of the Union, the streets running east and west, lettered from A to V north and from A to V south. The streets running from north to south numbered from first to thirty-first east, and first to twenty-seventh west, with north, south, east, and west Capitol streets in the middle, and a separate nomenclature for Georgetown, except that the numbering of the houses in Pennsylvania Avenue runs through. The system appears however to have done

its work and it is proposed to alter the numbered streets so that each shall have a fresh number "differing in a suit," and the lettered streets shall have names beginning with the present letters, so as to form an alphabetical list of American Statesmen. These would no doubt be changed with any reverse of political power, and though "mugwumps" might be rewarded "kids" would have the best chance and "mossbacks" be seldom honoured.

Such were the subjects of contemplation that my mind was reduced to by the travel and the heat, perhaps also by the want of company, so in the evening I got on board a big hulk of a steamer for a sail down the Potomac for Norfolk on the way to Boston. Leaving the city, the only two buildings which showed in the distant view were the Capitol, of which the dome never looks great, and the Obelisk, but the river and the Chesapeake Bay are very beautiful, though the banks are all low. The sunset, the stars, and the phosphorescence were very striking.

Friday, September 4th.—A beautiful morning, with lighthouses, hotels, and forts in sight, and landed at the Town of NORFOLK, wandered about it, and crossed ferries to PORTSMOUTH; wandered through that place—both seem rather "one-

horse " after the North ; tried ice-cream-soda, dinner, a hot bath, and indifferent cigar—all for the heat,—then pears, and finally settled on the steamer which was to take me on, and read all the newspapers I could buy. Timber seems to decay rapidly in these parts.

Saturday, September 5th.—At sea, out of sight of land. Have no record what I did, but had long chat with a schoolmaster, a Norfolk gentleman and a sea-captain of great information, and watched the porpoises close to the ship.

Sunday, September 6th.—The sea still as could be ; the sand and clay cliffs towards Cape Cod hardly near enough to be intelligible. The harbour of BOSTON, a grand expanse of water, the outline of the town, with some elevations and a great variety of steeples, including the gilt dome, the wharves and quays, the multitude of vessels of all kinds :—telling of the activity of the North.

Having studied my guide-book beforehand, I quite understood the course of my cab from the quay to the Revere House Hotel, and when I got a back view of the scaffolding up for repairing the side I spotted it at once. I got a

comfortable bed-room and bath-room, though it was not for a day or two that I could get any hot water—my experience is that it takes an average of ten minutes to get anything but cold water from an American hot-water tap. I was still stupid, however, mistook the hour for commencing dinner, and instead of making use of the afternoon as I might I walked through the “Common,” the public park of the town, listened to the music and watched the people on the hot Sunday afternoon. The situation for the band-kiosk is very fine, and the people were standing in a complete amphitheatre. The bonnets were all grey straw, the men’s hats all brown felt, this gave a curious mottled brown aspect to the whole mass, but a close inspection showed that there was hardly any colour in the ladies’ dresses: a few coloured women had red shawls, otherwise there was hardly a trace of colour to be found. The public garden showed some better dressed people, equally devoid of any accent in their dress. Further strolling through the streets gave me some clue to the plan of the town, which I found to be something after the manner of the trilobite, the special fossil of the locality. Its semi-circular carapace representing the old town, with its streets laid out partly on contour lines, and the continuous

jointed back the newer district, with its continuity of vertical and horizontal streets. It was soon apparent that this is a town of culture; the monument on the common itself was the finest piece of architectural art I had seen in America. The view from the common of the many towers and spires showed at once that while there were incongruities, many of them were carefully designed, and had outlines which were works of art.

Monday, September 7th.—As my stay in Boston was dependent on my finding Mr. Ware, I proceeded to the only address of that name in the Directory, which was the office of *The Builder* in Tremont Street, and while waiting walked on to the Panorama of Gettysberg, a picture reminding one of the Panorama of the Siege of Paris, by the same painter, Philpoteaux. Listened to the discourse explaining the battle, the seal of the nation's non-disunion, learned something of the course of Tremont (they drop the word street in ordinary parlance) by finding myself in it again after traversing several others. Mr. W. R. Ware received me very kindly, he is nephew of the Professor, and is editor of *The Builder*. His uncle, who has for some years been professor at the Columbia

College at New York, was now staying for his vacation at Boston, and I obtained his address, wandered through many streets and made acquaintance with a ferry to East Boston, and after dinner took train to Milton, and a mile of pleasant country walk brought me to Ware Cottage. Here my forbidding appearance extracted the information from the damsel who opened the inner door to look at me, there was an outer door of mosquito netting, that Mr. Ware was gone away for some weeks. This statement was, however, corrected by a lady, Mr. Ware's sister, who overheard my questions, and informed me that they expected her brother home for tea and that I had better wait for him, so I allowed myself to be entertained till late in the evening, and I was indulged by the sight of many large photographs of Colorado and Central America, and had my week's work cut out for me by the kindness of my new-found New England friends.

Tuesday, September 8th.—Mr. Ware was so good as to call for me at the Revere House and give me the day. We took car to CAMBRIDGE, a north-eastern suburb of the city, and there visited Harvard University. First inspecting the Memorial Hall erected from Mr. Ware's

designs. This has externally the look of a great cross church, the central tower and transepts form a "Walhalla" where are inscriptions and mural tablets to record the Harvard men who fell in the war which they say united the North and South. The nave is a very large dining hall, where are portraits of many founders, professors, and ancients connected with the foundation. The eastern annexe and apse contain the theatre for public receptions and the like. A pile of red brick with stone dressings, and great variety of internal materials, and carefully considered construction. We saw also the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology, and the Agassiz Museum of comparative Zoology, and the new Gymnasium; also, the outside of many buildings with lawns, trees, walks, adjoining streets, and residences all radiant with academical repose.

Returning to BOSTON, we visited the State House for the purpose of examining the library fittings. The view from the dome (at least, the stairs thereto) was up for repair, and after a lunch at the club, overlooking the Common, we examined in more or less detail the Central Congregational church, the Natural History Museum, the Technological Institute, and the

Museum of Fine Arts. It then came to my mind how my old friend, Jonathan Bell, the architect of Edinburgh must have felt when I sent him back to his hotel in London after showing him the designs for the new Government Offices, and after that walking him through the city, the remembrance of his corns, as dimly intimated through the pannuscorium as he arose to the top of an omnibus, was my vision of this moment.

I finished up the evening by hearing Annie Pixley in M'Liss, a medley of Bret Harte's stories, with hardly an effort at acting throughout. The Boston theatre, however, is admirable for access and other arrangements, specially the clock over the proscenium which changes face every five minutes.

Wednesday, September 9th.—To Cunard office, and arranged for berth on "Cephalonia," visited Faneuil Hall, and then to the Trinity Church, and had a good sit in one of the pews. The architect is Mr. Richardson, before mentioned. I had seen his work at Albany, and in the Austin Hall, at Harvard, when I had been puzzled by the combination of Cyclopean masonry and Venetian carving, after much study I concluded that an arch does not

convey the idea of thrust to this architect's mind, and that all materials are the same in his eyes, stone, plaster, wood, and iron, and the universal tool, the bow-saw. Much of the glass is very interesting. I tried hard to make out whether it was intended to be seen by reflected or transmitted light, some of the windows which I admired most are, I believe, to have other glazing substituted, as the English artist of them when he saw them in position decided to withdraw them, as he only then became aware of the other glass with which they came in competition.

Then looked again at the Fine Art Gallery and the face of Joan of Arc, and a further look at the minerals and fossils at the Natural History Society, the arrangement of which I much admired. Bought Dana's Mineralogy for reading on the way home, at dinner time had a call from my Norfolk friend, and in the afternoon took train for Winchester, a few miles north-east of Boston. It was wet, so I could not walk out as was intended, but I was given an American lady's view of her last visit to Chester, Oban, Edinburgh, and London, and many intervening places. It was a very pleasant introduction to home life, and they lent me a thick coat to come back in.

Thursday, September 10th.—Took train to Milton and spent afternoon with Mr. Ware and his two sisters, and their friends and nieces. Had a beautiful walk to granite quarries (the panorama from them of great beauty) and read interesting books, of which the house is full.

Friday, September 11th.—Reading and walking through forenoon ; with Mr. Ware, looked at several houses in course of erection, one by an architect for himself. Called also on Mr. Lesley, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, and had most interesting exposition of the geology of the district, illustrating the questions I had been thinking of relating to that of the States : saw a map in progress completing the key-map I had seen of Canada, and saw some of the puzzling exposures.

In the afternoon we drove about eight or ten miles to the old Fairbank's House, at Dedham, Mass. : one of the first settler's houses, about two hundred and fifty years of age, partly erected of timber brought from England, and with much of the furniture and fittings of the original date. The lady of the seventh generation of Fairbanks who showed it was an interesting character. The drive home through the clear air and beautiful cultivated country, park-like, and

occupied by private residences, was most striking.

I cannot thank too much this kind family, representatives of the theological professor of Harvard, and his helpmeet (who must have been a genial and sympathetic couple) for the rest and refreshment of this week of my stay in Boston.

Saturday, September 12th.—Purchased a few photographs in passing through Boston and got on board the “Cephalonia,” Captain Walker, and started at 1 P.M. for Liverpool.

The voyage lasted until Tuesday the 22nd September. There was some fog for two days or more and much steam whistling, and it seemed as if the screw would never stop, also a cold wet day. The mate and the captain read service on the two Sundays. The vessel had but thirty saloon passengers and those not specially interesting. A Jesuit coming from the States to England and some young men returning for a holiday after doing well in the States, from whom I learned something of what I took to be the pure dishonesty of much of the politics of the United States. There was a concert. Some beautiful sunsets, and Venus and the moon were very beautiful. I got one

or two sketches of the South-coast of Ireland, we stopped at Queenstown to deliver mails, and stopped again at the bar in the Mersey, whence we were taken by a tug to the landing stage in time for the last train to London.

FINIS.





